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Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE. OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH: TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance
VOLUME XXVIII. IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1895. NUMBER 43.

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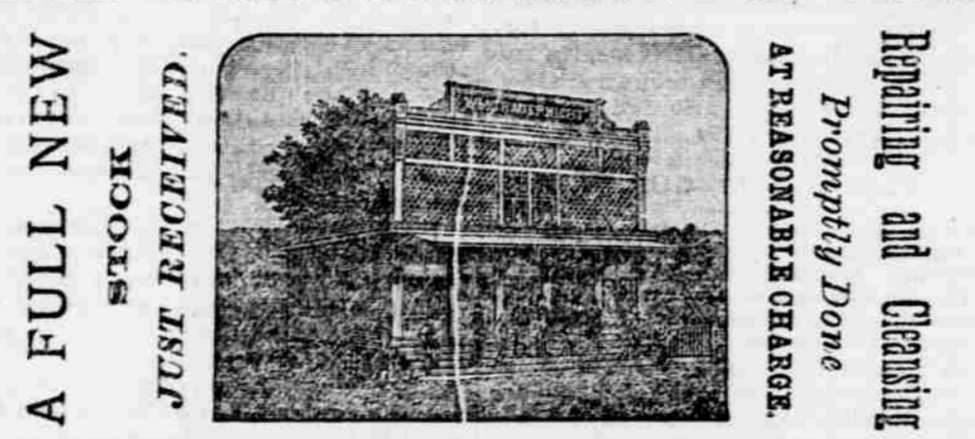
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Second Page—Editorial Miscellany, News and Notes, Missouri State News, Japanese Humanity, Tax on Incomes, etc.

Third Page—Boring the Earth, Private Brown (a serial), Beginning of the Deficiency, Detouring Facts, etc.

Sixth Page—A Ridiculous Claim, Altgeld Displeased, Staked on a Card, etc.

Seventh Page—A Word of Caution, Agricultural Hints, The Markets, etc.

Old Times.

Ed. Register.—If you were to let me write a sermon for the REGISTER, I should take the 1st verse of the 17th chapter of Proverbs, to wit: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." We all can guess what to-morrow will be, but we are very apt to be mistaken. We have evidence every day of the uncertainty of all things on this earth. To illustrate: A few days ago, the sun shone out clear and warm. The birds sang sweetly. Everything looked and felt as though the summer drew near, and the weather so warm. It seemed as though it would never be cold again. But the next day, how, as I lay behind the stove with wraps over me, and it just snowing like blazes, looked and felt as though it would never get warm again. Such a change!

As I lay wrapped up my thoughts went way back to a time when I was just big enough to drive the sheep to and from the pasture. I think it must have been about the year 1830. Spring had come, and my father had sheared his sheep, planted his corn, potatoes and garden stuff, and the corn had come up and he had set the hired men and my two eldest brothers to hoeing the corn, whilst he would go to Ohio to look after some land he owned in that State, where also a number of our relatives, and a good many of our neighbors owned land. Ohio was way out on the frontier at that time—about as far as white men had made any settlements. But a good many were moving out to that country to make homes for themselves. Amongst those that went were two of my mother's brothers, and one or two of my cousins. How they came in possession of that land I never learned, as I was too young to take any interest in such matters. It seemed that the State of Connecticut owned a large part of the territory called the Western Reserve. How the State of Connecticut came by that territory I don't know. As I was thinking of these things I got up and went over the early history of our country. I found when the State of Connecticut ceded all of her right to Ohio back to the United States; I found when Ohio was admitted as a State. Now, I would like to have some of our wise Normalites tell me through the REGISTER, how the State of Connecticut came by that territory, and how our town folk got possession of their lands. Perhaps the present generation forget that at that time there were no railroads, no steamboats, and that when father took his trip it took him a month to go to Ohio and back home again. There was a stage line from past our house as far as Albany, New York State; but most of the way on further west was by common wagons or horseback, or on foot. I remember one of our neighbors took it afoot, and he made the trip there and back almost as soon as those that went by stage. You readers may not believe it, but it is no less the truth, that a good walker can beat any common horse in traveling a long journey—say a thousand miles.

Well, what I was going to tell you was, that although our folks had got the sheep sheared and corn was up, and the weather had been like sum-
mer, there came one of those storms that are always coming just when no one wants them. It rained, then snowed and turned as cold as ice—and such a time! That morning I went to drive the sheep to pasture. My father always kept from one hundred to two hundred sheep on the farm. As I drove those sheep I found in the hedge and fence-corners all kinds of little birds dead—frozen to death. When I got home I had freshongbirds, orioles, little yellow birds, and all sorts of those birds that come after the hot weather comes. When father got home he was no farther ahead with his crops than if he had not planted so soon. No, sir! No man can tell what the morrow may bring forth. We can all guess and sometimes hit it pretty good. Old Uncle Kich Iman could beat all of our signal service station in guessing what the weather would be on the morrow all to smash. And how often we see a small cloud, not longer than a man's hand, as you watch that cloud swell out, and begin to roll and twist, and spread out on every side,

you begin to feel a something about your heart; an indefinable sensation, as that cloud comes rolling and tumbling with vivid flashes of lightning, heavy claps of thunder, wind whistling, screaming, sweeping everything before it. Where peaceful homes stood, and fences, as the clouds go past, what a ruin is left behind. Where once a happy home and homelike, all gone—sweet as with a breath. Or some night you lay down to sleep, with everything at peace; no signs of a storm. In the morning you look out and see your fields covered with water. I can always submit to the works of Nature, but when man puts forth his hand there comes a feeling of revenge. To illustrate: one beautiful evening in the latter part of the summer of 1851, as I sat in my front door, drinking in the beautiful scenery spread out before me, thinking what a beautiful world this is, and enjoying the sight of these grand old mountains, I cast my eye towards Ironton. I saw a large army of soldiers on the march, all dressed in their new uniform, with their bright guns at right shoulder shift. I thought, what a fine sight it makes! How it adds to the scenery! But on how its beauties vanish. As that army reached the road that turns to my home and all turned in to my home. Can you imagine how small I felt as they reached my gate and fence? That army took that fence as quick as if it had been a cyclone. Before I had time to collect my thoughts my fence was covered with those soldiers, all spread out; every apple tree, every peach tree that had fruit on it, was filled with soldiers. I felt sick. Here I had been for years working to make me and mine a good home, surrounded with all the comforts of life, and in an evil hour all gone—fences for fences, my potatoes, fruits—everything gone, and not a cent to show for it! I said to myself, "Sold and no pay." No, sir, no man can tell what a day or even an hour may bring forth. T. P. R.

The Ironton Reading Club.

Three of My Friends.

In the town of L— situated on the "Father of Waters" lived two of these friends. Leonora Lovejoy and Ethel St. Clair. I will first describe this town of L—. On the east lies the grand old Mississippi, one of its prettiest points being two miles wide with water clear as crystal. Middle-way between this town of L— and another of note on the opposite side of the river, is an island covered with beautiful trees, the Wild Cherry, Pecan, Oak, Maple and Plum with a stream of water flowing through it, large enough to float small boats, giving many a romantic sail to my three friends. Just below this island is a long ledge of rock, having been thrown up with a dredge to deepen the channels, now making a beautiful island; soil and seeds having been washed up on these rocks until the seed took root, and now are large trees, making another beautiful object to view from this town of L—. On the south and west are high bluffs covered with grand old trees and lovely summer cottages, a camp-meeting ground, and a well whose water is noted for various healing properties. I have one more point to describe, that being the north. On this side is a large prairie reaching several miles called Sand Prairie, being dotted all over with fine farm homes, and here and there ponds where the beautiful pond lilies grow. Could you have taught school on this prairie, as I did, you would think this name very suggestive. It being necessary to wear my rubbers constantly to keep my feet from wearing out, as well as my shoes, and finding about six inches of sand on my schoolroom floor, which had been blown through the cracks and crevices during vacation. The farms on this prairie are noted for their fine water-melons and sweet-potatoes. It was at one of these farm homes that the principal character of my story lived. I shall call her "Rosalie, the Prairie-Flower." She was a warm-hearted, loving girl, the pet of the family, having three brothers. The father and mother were educated, having a fine library of the best books in their home, giving fine educational advantages to the children right in the house. Rosalie had spent many happy days at this farm home and in the schoolroom, but the time had come when her father said she must go away to school. An academy was selected in a city not far distant. On arriving at the academy she found my friend Leonora Lovejoy, who was rooming alone; so they soon were installed in the same room. I will not tell much of their life at this academy, but will say that Rosalie graduated with high honors. They both returned to their homes. Rosalie's home being four miles out from the town of L. Not so far out that we could not be together a great deal, and what jolly times we all had! I will describe these two girls. Rosalie was twenty years old, a beautiful maiden of Irish descent. She was a blonde, had fine blue eyes, soft flaxen hair, fairly teeth, and a ruddy complexion—light-hearted and gay, always full of her fun and jokes. Leonora was a handsome brunette, the beauty of the village, had a sweet confiding disposition, and was a very true girl. These two girls dressed as nearly alike as possible, except in color, one always wearing blue the other green. Not long after these young ladies came home from school, there was an arrival in our town that created quite an excitement among the young people. A fine-looking young man from the East to visit our popular young druggist, who was already paying his attentions to Rosalie, our prairie-flower. This young man was rich as well as good looking, and soon became acquainted with Rosalie and Leonora. He became so fascinated with

the town, and especially its society, that he decided to extend his visit much longer than he had anticipated, and finally decided to settle in L., having secured the position of operator at the depot; he, being an energetic young man, could not longer be idle. The druggist I have before spoken of, Walter Burnside, was very fine looking, smart, neat and tasty in his dress, and loved dancing and gaiety of every form. It was soon plain to be seen these two couples were devoted friends, and possibly more than friends. Such gay times as we had. Fishing-parties up at Snag Lake, picnics down the river at Sonora, moonlight boat-rides through the island, afternoon horse-back riding parties on Bluff Park—no end to the fun. Ethel and I, with our sweethearts, were always along. One special time I remember when we rambled down the river to find goodies when picnicking at Sonora. We were just becoming interested in our specimens when it commenced to sprinkle. We took shelter under the trees on the river bank; although the foliage was very dense we were thoroughly drenched and were compelled to visit a neighboring house. The lady very kindly lent us some of her dresses to put on which were so laughable to us, with their huge sleeves and plain skirts, (and, "by the way," we would be pleased to have them now as "they are all the style.") We ironed our dresses and other things and donned them as soon as possible, intending to say nothing of our "outing," but to our sorrow my dress could not be coaxed or pulled to its former length, it being Mozambique, and, as you know it always shrinks, imagine my horror to have to go home with such a dress! It is needless to say, after leaving the boat I took a back street myself. Ethel was somewhat chagrined too, as she had gone to the city and got her brand-new spring hat for the picnic, and with a stream of that drooping style that we used to attach a ribbon to in the front to pull down all around without any ribbon. Just imagine the crushed roses she had to wear home on that eventful 18th day of May.

I must tell you about Ethel. She was a very poor girl, naturally very bright and intelligent. She taught school, and had a very devoted admirer, a doctor himself, but during his reading with his father he was interested in the beauty of their home and in the spring of '78 he was fixing up the yard, making flower-beds, gravel walks etc. To make his walks he must have gravel. This he found by taking a flat-boat and going across the river; he made a number of trips, but one day at noon when he was long back with his flat-boat, to come. In three days his body was brought back, having been found down the river below the town of G. A sad ending to a bright, promising life. Ethel soon went East to live with a rich aunt, and she has grown to be quite a poetess. I will quote a few lines from her pen:
"The earth lay wrapped in soft moonlight;
The busy world for miles around;
Long had been hushed in sleep profound;
A cottage nestled 'neath the hill
Where long had dwelt with her and Will,
And other children numbering four;
The widow Smith (in days of yore),
Saw on this night so calm and full,
That this spot beneath the hill!
"I must not quote more, but can readily see Ethel is quite a poetess. Rosalie's prairie home was a meeting place (and a frequent one, too) of Walter Lakeside, his yankee cousin, and Leonora. Russell Aubrey was the name of this cousin from the East. Rosalie and Leonora told this one afternoon at one of our confidential tete-a-tetes; that they were both engaged, and all arrangements were made for the wedding; that their gentlemen friends were going to a distant city and start a very fine drugstore—brains versus money; Mr. Aubrey to furnish the money, and learn to be a druggist; Mr. Lakeside to have charge of the store. (This part of the feat was soon accomplished.) That they were to have a double wedding at the prairie home, Rosalie's home, under the trees, the yard being lighted up with electricity. They were to be married by an Episcopal minister, and go directly to their city home, which was to be a double brown stone front, with fine conservatories filled with flowers, birds, and musical instruments, an observatory, and every thing in the latest style, with their two sets of servants. The business seemed to be very prosperous. Mr. Aubrey was very apt at learning his new profession. All seemed to be going well; but Mr. Lakeside was beginning to drink on the sly. It soon began to tell on both himself and the finances, for who does not know what drinking in our country means? The social glass that must be drank, the many more evils it leads to. In the meantime this began to leak out on Mr. Lakeside, and in some way Rosalie found it out. This was very sad to her, but she was one of those true girls, to herself, and could not conscientiously marry a man that would drink. She dismissed him until he could prove himself a temperate man, which he never did. The partnership was soon broken, the drug store sold. Mr. Aubrey went south and started another drug store in one of the southern cities. During this time Leonora's mother was stricken with paralysis, and her engagement was not consummated until after a ten years' engagement. She now lives in the sunny south as Mrs. Aubrey. Rosalie still lives on the prairie in the same house, though somewhat changed. The mother is still living; one of the brothers has charge of the farm. Rosalie is one of the dearest aunts to the children of this brother whose every wish she gratifies if possible, relieving the mother in so many ways, has her own cows and chickens, and is noted for the fine butter which is enjoyed in 40 many homes. How Leonora, Ethel and I

Diary of an Ironton Society Girl.

Oct. 16th. Have just come home from school, and have been looking over my clothes. Mamma says they won't do, so that calls for a check from papa to buy more with.
Oct. 18th. Papa just sent home a new maid. Have just come home from the modistes and am tired trying on dresses. Glad I am no Gould.
Oct. 20th. Have been busy addressing cards to my coming out ball which is to take place the 28th. Am going to wear white silk trimmed in valencienne lace, lilies of the Valley and pearl ornaments.
Oct. 22d. Have been too busy to breathe almost. My dress arrived this evening, and it is a perfect dream. I hope I shall meet some nice young fellow. The caterer is to come from St. Louis, also flowers, (lilies of the Valley.) Am too excited to write any more to-day.
Oct. 27th. Retired at 3:30 the morning of the 28th. Breakfast at 11 o'clock had a nice time. So many compliments, especially from Mr. H. Received a bouquet of lilies of the Valley that went something like this: "Purity with Purity from an admiring friend," etc. Wore them the night of the 28th.
Oct. 31st. Mr. J. called yesterday and is very entertaining. He said Mr. H. and he had already become rivals. The REGISTER is out to-day. Gave me a big puff. Said the beautiful Miss Raymond looked as lovely as the flowers she wore, and is one of the fairest debutantes of the season.
Nov. 2d. A beautiful day. Mamma and I were calling today. Am going to a garden party the 5th at Mrs. S.'s. Am going to wear dotted swiss trimmed in pink ribbon and roses.
Nov. 6th. Had a lovely time Mrs. S. is a lovely hostess. Every one said I looked charming.
Nov. 8th. Received a beautiful book of poems from Mr. J. also asking if I should like to drive up to the station to meet his sister, Florette (my maid) just announced callers so Daisy, good bye.
Nov. 11th. Went to the station, sister didn't come. He said he was so happy with me as I felt like a sister to him. Just received a letter in this morning's post from a school chum, stating she was coming to visit me the 15th. I am sure she won't lack for attention as she is so beautiful entertaining.
Nov. 13th. I am nearly ready for company. Mr. H., Mr. J. and myself are going to the station in a sleigh to meet her. Am so glad it snowed in time.
Nov. 20th. Have been so busy since my friend's arrival talking over old times at the boarding school, and we have received so many invitations and have attended one ball and two teas, that I have neglected the diary.
Nov. 26th. Mrs. S. gave a pink luncheon in honor of my guest. Covers were laid for 14. The table cover was pale pink satin cloth embroidered in white silk and gold thread. The decorations were fragrant La France Roses.
Nov. 30th. My friend expects leaving the 15th, and is anxious I should go home with her, and spend Xmas.
Dec. 5th. Have issued invitations for a box party at the Opera House to see "Camille" played by Ada Rahau, this is the last I shall give this season as I have made up my mind to go home with my friend.
Dec. 15th. Had a pleasant time at the box party. We start to-morrow for Texas. I am real sorry to leave Mr. H. Am going to take my diary with me, but don't expect to write in it much. Am taking two trunks with me. Mr. H. and Mr. J. will see us off on our journey. Am away about going. Hope I will enjoy next season as well as I did this. Well, diary, goodbye as I don't think I will have time to write any until I return home.
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